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A FARCE AND ROMANCE.

Price, 15 cents.

2 CASES OF NOTIONS

CONSIGNEE TO
UNCLE SAM'S DAUGHTERS.

BY EARNEST GAY.

CHICAGO:
WELLS B. SIZER, PUBLISHER,
1886.

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2 CASES OF

NOTIONS

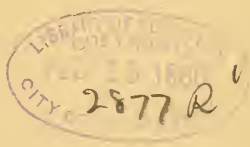
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CHARACTERS.

- GEORGIA.—*One of the daughters.*
MINNE SOTA.—*Ditto.—A type.*
MISS OURI.—*Who has been abroad.*
THE BARONESS NEVADA.—*A. Widow.*
DELAWARE.—*A social diplomatist.*
PHIL. A. DELPHIA.—*Assistant ditto.*
HERMAN.—*Deleware's Coachman.*
N. Y. BLANK.—*A society man.*

The first case:—American notions.
The second case:—European notions.

TMP92-009309

TWO CASES OF NOTIONS

CONSIGNED TO

Uncle Sam's Daughters.

I.

SCENE.—DELAWARE'S LIBRARY.

[*Delaware reading newspaper.—Enter Minne Sota with a book.*]

Minne.—Another romance!

Delaware.—[*Supposing that she refers to the book*]. Well, how does the hero come out this time? Does he clasp to his manly bosom one of your own country women, or a relation of my friend John?

Minne.—There is no hero.

Delaware.—A romance without a hero!—That's a relief.

Minne.—And no heroine.

Delaware.—Any villain?

Minne.—Not exactly.

Delaware.—Somebody who does something he ought not to do?

Minne.—All men do that.

Delaware.—They do, eh? How about the women?

Minne.—[*Evading the question*]. You have not asked where the scene is laid.

Delaware.—That is understood. It will shift between London and Paris, and possibly get as far as St. Petersburg.

Minne.—It is in America and the characters are American.

Delaware.—Really characters? I thought that character had gone out of fashion.

Minne.—You are severe, it is fashion which must go out of character. In this romance one of the daughters turns from

the hot house of refined society to the romantic ruggedness of her fathers coachman.

Delaware.—What does the father do?

Minne.—Guess.

Delaware.—Uses tyranny instead of diplomacy?

Minne.—Then you think that diplomacy would win her back. I agree with you. Try it. [*Whispering*] Herman has won Georgia.—Hush.

Delaware.—Are you sure?

Minne.—Positive.

Delaware.—Then send him to me. [*Exit Minne*].

When Herman had obeyed the summons he found Delaware apparently absorbed in the newspaper.

Herman.—You sent for me, sir.

Delaware.—Tell me something that I don't know.

[*Delaware has not raised his eyes from the newspaper and the silence which follows his gruff remark causes Herman to be nervous.*]

Herman.—I—I'm—afraid that—

Delaware.—You have reason to be.

Herman.—[*Apprehensively*] Sir?

Delaware.—Sir! [*giving the paper a slap*] you have dared!—[*crumpling the paper*] you have presumed!—[*flinging the paper aside*] you have schemed!—[*wheeling around and facing him*] to win my daughter.

[*TABLEAU. Herman falls back into a chair, aghast. Delaware advances, threateningly.*]

Delaware.—Oh! I could strangle you!—but—I will kill you by inches. [*Herman slides from the chair, cowering.*] You have violated the social law of caste!—You must take the consequences!—She is—yours.

[*Herman still in cowering attitude on floor, falls back on his elbow, staring in astonishment.*]

Delaware.—Get up! [*Herman rises in precipitation.*] Get out! [*Exit Herman. Delaware opens another door and calls.*] PHIL. [*Enter Phil A. Delphia.*] Look out and see if that fellow has gone.

Phil.—[*Having done so.*] He's gone.

Delaware.—Keep your eye on the stables; he must not escape:

Phil.—Detection. Otherwise if he wants to go so much the better.

Delaware.—For him. Don't you see that would amount to the same as if I had discharged him? To discharge him would be to find that my daughter had gone off too.

Phil.—How are you going to avoid an explosion.

Delaware.—The match is not struck yet,—dampen the end. I'll treat him as one of the family. He is no longer the coachman. I'll make him dye his hair, shave off that fascinating moustache, then he will not be recognized as having been the coachman. He shall move in society. Yes, you'll see *how* he will move. There is one trait that I depend upon more than anything, that one trait that makes all ridiculous, and, of some, fools,—vanity.

Phil.—Just so. Glad you've decided to make him shave off the moustache. [*Stroking his own complacently.*]

Delaware.—You must help me.

Phil.—Shave him?

Delaware.—Of his hopes. But we must let them grow first. [Georgia and N. Y. Blank appear at the garden gate. He raises his hat and departs. She comes up the garden and enters by window opening on to lawn.]

Georgia.—O dear!—He makes me tired.

Delaware.—How's that?

Georgia.—Well, if you don't understand, I can't explain.

Phil.—I wish I were a woman.

Georgia.—Why?

Phil.—Because I would be possessed of that inestimable attribute—intuition, and not be compelled to depend upon halting reason.

Delaware.—There's more in Mr. B. than appears.

Georgia.—What appears is very limited.

Delaware.—The best things in nature lie beneath the surface.

Georgia.—That must be the reason why so many bore.

[*Exit.*]

Phil.—She doesn't suspect your discovery of her little romance?

Delaware.—Not my discovery. Minne put me on the track. Bright, shrewd Minne Sota. She's a typical American girl.

Phil.—Georgia—

Delaware.—A different disposition. There's much to discover in Georgia.

Phil.—When will you intimate to her the latest discovery?

Delaware.—Immediately. My policy is to make things right themselves. [*Going.*] Keep your eye on the coachman.

Phil.—You may depend on me. [*Exeunt in opposite directions.*]

II.

SCENE.—A GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING ROOM.

[*Delaware strapping razor.—Enter Phil. A. Delphia.*]

Phil.—Going to shave him yourself?—Is it not a little beneath your dignity?

Delaware.—The whole matter is beneath my dignity, but DIGNITY AND DIPLOMACY DO NOT ALWAYS GO HAND IN HAND.

Phil.—[*Looking out of window.*] The object of your affection approaches. Does he know his fate?

Delaware.—He is resigned. Reason: no shave, no bargain.

Phil.—Is he as sure of the bargain as the shave?

Delaware.—He thinks he is.

Phil.—Ah, "he thinks he is." A comprehensive phrase applying to many a man! [*Exit into ante-room.*]

Delaware.—Just so. Herman *thinks* he is an actor. So I shall give him a chance at our club. [*chuckling*] I have told him that shaving is necessary in order to "make up";—so it will be,—enough to live on! [*Enter Herman by door from hall.*] There's a nice easy chair, make yourself at home. [*Herman hesitates and looks as if he would very much like to es-*

cape.] O, you needn't be afraid. I learned the trade long ago. Will you be seated? [*Herman still hesitates.*] Allow me to assist you.

[Delaware, with an air of mock politeness, gently, yet firmly, takes one end of Herman's moustache between his fingers, with which action he draws him to the chair and then presses him into it.]

Herman.—[*As Delaware lathers the brush. To himself, audibly, with a sigh.*] I wonder how I shall look.

Delaware.—The same way you did before,—with your eyes. [*Lathers him. Shaving progresses till one side of the moustache is off.*]

Georgia.—[*Outside, calling*] Papa.

[Delaware stops abruptly; Herman springs from the chair.—

Both in consternation.]

Georgia.—[*Still outside.*] May I come in?

[Delaware, with a flash of thought, slaps the palm of his hand on the top of Herman's head, forcing him instantaneously into a squatting position on the floor; at the same time turning the arm-chair forward over Herman, so that the top of its back touches the floor; Herman doubled up between the back and the seat, his knees touching his chin.]

[*Enter Georgia.*]

[Delaware coolly sits on the reversed side of the seat.]

Georgia.—Why papa! what are you doing?

Delaware.—Been fixing something in this chair. Want anything particular?

Georgia.—[*Approaching the mirror*]. I'm just going out. Want to set my hat right, without going up stairs. [*She arranges her toilet before the mirror*].

Delaware.—[*Still retaining seat.*] Have you lost anything?

Georgia.—No!—why?

Delaware.—Lost, strayed, or stolen,—a woman's heart.

Georgia.—What!

Delaware.—Found,—that the best way is to let it go.

Georgia.—Papa! what are you talking about?

Delaware.—You,—Last act: All discovered; old man con-

sents. [*Georgia shows symptoms of swooning. Delaware still retains seat*]. There's no time for you to faint, Georgia, I'm too busy to-day. If you think that I'm going to make a romantic drama of this business you'll be mistaken. I've done all I can to prepare your mind and heart to take the best possible view of life. I must treat you as a woman now. When a woman has made up her mind the sooner a man makes up his the better. I insist upon one thing only,—become thoroughly acquainted with him.

Georgia.—Acquainted!—I know his nature by heart.

Delaware.—Put “I think” before that sentence. We never thoroughly know ourselves; how then, can we presume to positively know others? It is true Americanism to accept a man solely on his merits as a man; but not to accept him without a trial. It is an American theory that all men are on the same level. That is not so. They *start* on the same level. As they rise above or fall below that we assign them to the class to which they belong. Georgia, I will act as an American should. A month's trial, he residing with us, starting on the same level. I shall contrive all possible opportunities for you to study each other's perfections and imperfections. That is a fair trial. At the end of that time you shall pronounce the verdict.

Georgia.—[*Gleefully throwing her arms around his neck*]. Agreed! [*Kisses him and darts from the room.*]

Delaware.—[*Rising and going to door*]. “Woman! woman! woman! thy name is”—mystery. [*Turns the key.*]

[Delaware turns the chair back into its proper position. Herman is so cramped that he cannot move and sits still doubled up, his knees touching his chin, looking up at Delaware pathetically.]

Delaware.—[*Leaning over the back of the chair and extending a hand to him*]. The man who can accommodate himself to circumstances as well as that deserves to rise. [*Herman rises*].

The shaving is completed. The details of his wardrobe and all particulars arranged for. He is given a place in the family and starts upon the same level.

III.

SCENE.—PARLOR AT DELAWARE'S.

[*Georgia reclining in easy chair, pettishly fanning herself.—
Minne Sota reading a society journal, which appears to amuse
her.*]

Georgia.—Really, Minne, I believe that you were born laughing.

Minne.—Possibly,—at incongruities.

Georgia.—For instance?

Minne.—The world and one's self.

Georgia.—How incongruous?

Minne.—The fact that we were made for this world, and the fancy, that we never entirely get rid of, that the world was made for us.

Georgia.—[*After a pause.*] When you have quite finished with that paper let me know.

Minne.—Here is something which will interest you.—

[*Reads*] In connection with the performance by the Delaware club a remarkable innovation occurred. In the second scene of the fourth act, Iago, having spoken the line "How now Roderigo?"—which is Roderigo's cue for the second act also,—the gentleman who played Roderigo, confusing his lines in the second act with those in the fourth, entered, excitedly exclaiming "I am like a hound that follows in the chase!"

This gentleman, who is very tall, wore tights that heightened that impression. The curls of his wig hung in unseemly length, and when he strode in they shook ludicrously. With such a "make up" and embarrassed by having made a wrong entry, together with the promptness with which he realized the situation, causing him to make an awkward turn and exit, while yet speaking the line, was absurdly

comical. The line so out of place became so singularly appropriate that the audience could not forbear the laugh which it excited.

[*Minne lays the paper in Georgia's lap and turns to leave the room.*]

Georgia.—[*Piqued.*] What did they say about your Emila? That it was very suggestive?

Minne.—Of what it might have been. [*Laughing Exits. Enter Herman with a book.*]

Herman.—[*Disconsolately*] Georgia.

Georgia.—Well?

Herman.—It is not well.

Georgia.—Drop Shakespeare! [*He lets the book fall.*]—What are you doing?

Herman.—Learning to obey you.

Georgia.—[*Laughing derisively.*] “How now, Roderigo?”—Making yourself a butt of ridicule!

Herman.—For you to stick pins into.

Georgia.—If it wasn't for your insufferable vanity—

Herman.—And your unreasonableness—

Georgia.—There might be some hope of your redeeming yourself, but—

Herman.—Since you will not listen to me—

Georgia.—I am forced to the conclusion—

Herman.—Then stop! [*Enter Minne Sota.—Herman retires. —Enter Servant with visiting cards.*]

Georgia.—[*After glancing at the cards hands them to Minne.*]—Minne, you receive them. [*Exit.—Herman, casting a glance of mortification after her exits the opposite way.*]

Minne.—[*To servant*] I will receive them here,—[*Exit Servant.—Minne sits at piano and plays a few bars of “Home, Sweet Home.”—Servant ushers in Miss Ouri and N. Y. Blank.*]

Miss Ouri.—Ah, Minne, [*greeting her as she rises from the piano*] it's all very well, but I'm not so sure that “there's no place like home.”

Minne.—You surely don't mean that!—But there's no welcome like the home welcome, is there? [*Kisses her*] How do you do, Mr. Blank?

Mr. B.—Pretty well, thanks,—or I should say “well.” It is *you* who are looking *pretty* well.

Minne.—[*Smiling, with a little bow acknowledges the compliment.*] Of course you enjoyed yourself in Paris?

Mr. B.—Ah, in France you get the real champagne of life.

Miss Ouri.—In England double X stout.

Minne.—In America—both.

Miss Ouri.—But you are expected to take them at the table d’hôte.

Minne.—Well?

Miss Ouri.—It is not very secluded.

Mr. B.—American society, as a rule, is not secluded.

Minne.—By seclusion you mean exclusion?

Mr. B.—To a certain extent.

Minne.—A boundary where the latter crosses the line, wrapped in a cloak that hides many a blemish.

Miss Ouri.—You do not see the advantages of exclusion.

Minne.—I deplore the lack of it,—even in European society.

Miss Ouri.—Pray drop your innuendos.—See my diary.

Minne.—[*Glancing through it.*] Well, what have you seen?

Miss Ouri.—Everything.

Minne.—Indeed!—Have you seen America?

Miss Ouri.—You ask me, an American, if I have seen America!

Minne.—If you were not American my question would not have the same meaning.—But proceed. What does the “everything” consist of?

Miss Ouri.—First,—art.

Minne.—Art, I am told, is peculiarly European.

Miss Ouri.—If not, why do we send our students there?

Minne.—To study from the great masters? They are dead. Their works? Those are here. For what then? Scenery? The grandure of our scenery challenges art, why not artists?

[*Re-enter Herman, absent mindedly. Recalled by the presence of the visitors he stops awkwardly and is about to exit.*]

Minne.—[*With mischief lurking laughingly in her eye.*]—Don’t go, Mr. Herman.—Allow me to introduce Mr. Herman, —Miss Ouri,—Mr. Blank.

[They bow.—Herman in attempting to do so stumbles against an ottoman behind him and unexpectedly finds himself seated.]

Minne.—We have been discussing art, Mr. Herman. My friends have just returned from Europe.—Mr. Herman is an artist.

Mr. B.—In what, may I ask?

Minne.—In embryo.

Herman.—*[confused]* I am afraid—

Mr. B.—Mr. Herman, permit me to say that fear is not an American characteristic.

[Enter Georgia,—seeing Herman, stops concealed in the portiere.]

Minne.—*[Archly]* Mr. Herman is not afraid in the sense that you imply, on the contrary he despises criticism.

Mr. B.—*[Looking out of the window.]* Ah, I see, misanthropic.

Herman.—*[To Minne, following the direction of his look.]* Miss Ann Thropic?—Who is she?

[Miss Ouri turns aside to conceal her smile.—Mr. Blank hides a contemptuous smile. Enter Delaware.]

Minne.—*[Suppressing her amusement.—Aside to Herman:]*—You have made a break.

Herman.—*(After looking around in consternation,—Innocently).* Where?

Minne.—*(Aside to him impatiently).* Go away.

As Delaware advances to greet Miss Ouri and Mr. Blank, Herman, nudged by Minne, makes his escape, unnoticed by them. As he is about to exit by lawn Phil A. Delphia appears, shakes hands with him and they exeunt together.

Georgia had seen and felt it all,—Minne's amusement, Miss Ouri's disdain, Mr. Blank's contempt; and she knew that that phrase would make Herman the laughing stock of the fashionable clubs which Mr. Blank graced with his presence.

Love that is guaranteed to wear must be linked with respect.

The man who is heroic can always win a woman's love; the man who is romantic can often do likewise; the man who is sensible can generally retain it; but the man who is stupid,—though he won it by being romantic,—must lose it.

Minne Sota took Miss Ouri and Mr. Blank to what she was pleased to call her observatory, where they could see how St. Anthony fed a large portion of the world. She thought that perhaps it might have a good effect upon their transatlantic notions. But, just then, Minne Sota's heart was touched more with sisterly sympathy than with American pride, and she said to herself "Who is misanthropic? I think it is Georgia."

IV.

The following conversation takes place after Phil A. Delphia and Herman have left the grounds.

Phil.—You do not remember having seen me before we were introduced to-day?

Herman.—No, have I?

Phil.—I believe not. Although I have seen you, heard of you too,—from the ladies.

Herman.—From the ladies?

Phil.—I interest you? Yes, passed you in the park, ladies with me have asked "Who is that handsome gentleman?" I confess that I became almost jealous when the Baroness—

Herman.—The Baroness?—Did you say "Baroness"?

Phil.—The Baroness Nevada.

Herman.—Ne—Ne—va—da.

Phil.—[*Artfully*] If I wasn't engaged the Baroness would just suit me.

Herman.—Suit you?

Phil.—Why not?—O, I see, you think that she might just about suit you?

Herman.—(*Nervously.*) Me!—why you see—well, you know—

Phil.—What?

Herman.—(*Evasively.*) Nothing.

Phil.—Thank you.

Herman.—What for?

Phil.—The compliment.

Phil.—[*After a pause, in which Herman appears uneasy.*] I will introduce you if you like.

Herman.—If I like!—why, you know—my dear fellow, you know—[*Suddenly stopping himself turns away.—Aside.*] He don't know anything about it.

Phil.—Well, shall I?

Herman.—[*To himself*] Why not?

Phil.—Why not?

Herman.—You seemed to think that she might just about suit—you.

Phil.—I've gone too far in another direction.

Herman.—(*Aside*) So have I,—I'm afraid.—Yet you are only engaged. You might—you might—escape?

Phil.—No hope.

Herman.—But if—if you thought that you could do better—

Phil.—I might.

Herman.—Then?

Phil.—I don't,—make yourself easy. I'm content with my bonds; although those of the Baroness are worth considerable interest.

Herman.—Ah,—have you—hem—have you—any idea—

Phil.—Several.

Herman.—I mean—how much—

Phil.—She is worth? Well, in round figures, about—twenty-five thousand.

Herman.—Twenty-five thousand!

Phil.—Shall I introduce you?

Herman.—Well—yes.

V.

SCENE:—PARLOR IN THE RESIDENCE OF THE BARONESS.

TIME:—A FEW DAYS LATER.

[*The Baroness and Herman tete a tete.*]

Herman.—If I might hope—

Baroness.—(*Laconically.*) You may.

Herman.—If I might dare to ask—

Baroness.—There is nothing to prevent asking.

Herman.—Ah, Baroness, you have led me on!

Baroness.—I beg your pardon?

Herman.—O, I forgive.

Baroness.—Indeed?

Herman.—Ah Baroness, you have no idea—

Baroness.—Sir?

Herman.—I mean you cannot imagine—

Baroness.—O yes, I can.

Herman.—Then you must have seen—

Baroness.—A great many things.

Herman.—That must have led you to believe—

Baroness.—On the contrary they have led me to doubt.

Herman.—What?

Baroness.—Man's sincerity.

Herman.—All men are not the same.

Baroness.—I should hope not.

Herman.—Man is what woman makes him.

Baroness.—(*Dryly.*) Sometimes.

Herman.—(*Taking her hand.*) Ah, Baroness, will you not—
will you not—

Baroness.—Be the making of you? I must consult my
banker.

(*Enter Georgia and Delaware unnoticed.*)

Herman.—Your banker?

Baroness.—He is my confident in all speculations.

Herman.—Then you consider love a speculation!

Baroness.—Love?

Herman.—(*Kneeling to her.*) Ah, Baroness—

Georgia.—What does this mean?—! (*Herman still kneeling, falls back, leaving elbow on floor, staring in consternation.*)

The Baroness.—(*After he has recovered and risen*) Mr. Herman, I told you that I had seen many things that had led me to doubt man's sincerity. I have secured another proof. Not for myself, but for her who needed wakening from blind infatuation. Although a farce, it proves to her that you believed it serious. I am simply *Mrs. Nevada*. I have been *acting*—for the benefit of my sister.

Delaware.—(*To Georgia*) I knew that love was blind-folded but not blind. I have torn away the bandage, not as a tyrant but as a diplomatist. I have done what I have done not from pride but for love. I was willing to accept him, as I would any man, solely on his merits.

The trial of which I spoke, when I broached this matter, now has passed. As I told you then you shall pronounce the verdict.

(*A long pause.*—*Georgia*, having calmed herself advances to

Herman. Pausing a few paces from him she relentlessly points to the door. *Herman* kneels to her.

Georgia.—Go.

Delaware.—I give you exactly one minute to leave our presence forever. (*Takes out his watch*).

Herman.—One word.

Delaware.—Not one. [*Takes up his walking stick threateningly*].

* * * * *

The minute has gone, so has Herman.

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